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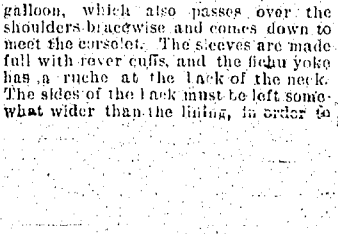
O. PALMER, Publisher.

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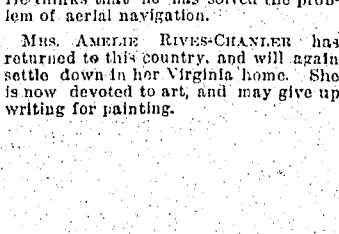
GRAYLING, - - MICHIGAN.

sonably be asked. If every citizen  
who cannot show that amount in pos-

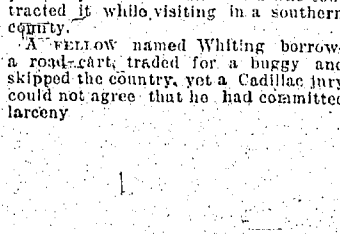
'TIS SHE WHO KEEPS ALIVE  
THE ART OF DRESS.



THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM  
REFLECTION.



OCCURRENCES DURING THE  
PAST WEEK.





## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, but necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. We are only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

The man who gets his deserts in this world usually has no "pudding."

"It has been discovered," says the Washington Star, "that the music comes out of a barrel-organ in staves." Why not in whoops?

It is said Patti has learned and sings "Annie Rooney." If she ever sings it in this country it will certainly be her farwell.

SARAH BERNHARDT is said to express a profound contempt for money. This high-bred scorn, however, does not find expression in her prices.

ITALY will not be represented at the World's Fair, having been down on exhibitions since she made one of herself at the time of the Mafia affair.

It may be true that only one American has a right to a coat of arms, but every American girl has an inalienable right to the arms of coats, properly tinted.

It would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and private, if men would consider that great truth, that no man is wise or safe but he that is honest.

These girls' colleges seem like golden-rod. Here's the Harvard Annex—an annex, a tender to the boys, as indeed your nice girl always is—reporting the beginning of work with 200 students.

OSCAR WILDE mourns the loss of his clothing, which has been stolen by a vandal burglar. It should be said in their defense that they worked in the dark and could not see what they were taking.

If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence.

THERE is a man in Connecticut who ought to be tendered some sort of a substantial testimonial by Chicagoans. He owns a house in which Benedict Arnold once lived, and has refused to sell it to a company for exhibition at the Fair.

The electric light, for locomotives throws a brilliant glare a long distance ahead, but is said to be extremely trying to the eyes of engineers. Merely as an interesting experiment let railway managers try the effect of a brilliant light on the eyes of passengers inside their cars.

Every time a man shoots himself because a girl refuses to marry him, the number of worthless husbands there would have been in the world is reduced. The men who neglect their wives and their wood piles to become mashing or political bums, are the kind who, when they were young and in love, vowed to blow their brains out if they were refused.

ONE of the odd things in American literature is that the bright young man who writes in the newspapers of "Brown," "Gallagher," and other persons of familiar, every-day names should switch off on "Trevelyan," "Arbuthnot," and the like high-sounding names as soon as he gets into the magazines, and withal pose as the author of that coming "American novel."

The experience of Miss Elsie de Wolf, of New York, the past week is evidence that theatrical stars cannot be made in a day. She was flattered and praised by her friends into overconfidence in her ability, but the cold, hard criticism of audiences which pay their money and expect returns for it proved quite a different thing. Talent and training are both required as the foundation of a successful career.

INSTEAD of blundering along with so many different unwieldy names for the women in charge of a department at the Chicago World's Fair, why not definitely designate them collectively as the Women's Board of Managers. That sounds a great deal more business-like than the various applications of the words "lady managers," because there are really no ladies there to be managed. It is woman's work that they are to manage.

Two erstwhile globe-trotters of the feminine persuasion, Miss Elizabeth Blaisdell and Miss Cochrane ("Nellie Bly") are reported as thriving in their several walks. Miss Blaisdell, just from Europe, is married to Mr. Charles W. Wetmore, a New York lawyer. Miss Cochrane is said to be wearing Parisian gowns and writing well-paid stories of the ephemeral and ineffectual sort. But both girls are getting on by self-help, and that's what American girls are born for.

If the English were only as droll when they try to be funny as they are when they are gravely administering justice they would be the most amusing race in the world, instead of the dullest. At Bromsgrove Petty Sessions the other day, for instance, in trying the case of a poor old granny charged with stealing some apples, it was offered as evidence that the stems of the fruit found in the old woman's possession fitted the trees of the prosecutor, from which it was alleged that they had been stolen!

THE irony of fate is not often better illustrated than in the case of

that gallant fireman in New York who was summoned to a fire, and found that it was in his own house. His passionate appeals to know what had become of his wife and children were soon answered, for he stumbled over his wife's dead body, and found lying around her others of his loved ones. All must have perished during the few minutes when the fireman was rushing in response to the clangorous signal to save them. It must be a hard heart, indeed, which cannot appreciate the pathos of this situation.

RELICS of Shakespeare are extremely rare and of inestimable value, and Mr. Winter has certainly made a precious find. Of the genuineness of the claim that the cane and jug which he has discovered near Stratford-on-Avon belonged to Shakespeare there is no doubt. Mr. Winter is making efforts to bring these priceless relics to America, and they should by all means be secured for the fair. A jug from which the Bard of Avon had taken a draught of sack and a cane with which he had wandered through the streets of old London would possess a rare interest to the countless lovers of his immortal works.

If men were judged by their thoughts, the best men in the world would be considered the greatest rascals. Of what do you think when you lie awake at night, or when you sit and stare into the fire in the evening? You haven't a friend on earth you would not be ashamed to tell. Their foolishness would disgust you if you were compelled to speak them out loud, and often their wickedness would frighten you. A fool would gain a reputation for wisdom if he could tell of what he thinks, and very often a wise man would gain the reputation of being a fool. It is one of the best gifts given to man, that all he thinks does not show itself in his face.

KATE FIELD is reported as saying that she fears a newspaper woman, and stands in horror as well as in terror of the profession as carried on by her sex. A woman who is obliged to keep up the reputation of saying "smart" things frequently does so at the expense of others' feelings and her own sense of justice and delicacy. There are some newspaper women of very disagreeable manners and habits. The same is true of a great many newspaper men, but it is not characteristic of the profession in either. There are numbers of women in newspaper work who have as much tact, dignity, and ability as Miss Field herself. In this, as in other kinds of labor, competition is strong, and the struggle is hard. No one knows this better than Miss Field.

It is now in order to open a baker shop or soap factory in the old room in Independence Hall, where the immortal Declaration was adopted. The other day the venerable and historical old building below Chestnut street on Independence Square was decorated by an elaborate and obtrusive sign informing the public that an insurance agent had taken up his quarters in the old structure sacred to the memory of Franklin and the Juror club. This is the building donated by the State to the American Philosophical Society in 1787. The society still survives, in name at least, but the renting of a sacred pile like this out to trade is regarded by those who reverence the memory of the great men who helped Franklin make a great name in the scientific world as a desecration.

HORSEFLIES as an article of food is having a boom just now in Germany. In Berlin it has recently trebled in price and costs almost as much now as beef. In what its advantages would consist if it should become as expensive as beef it is hard to see. Hitherto horseflies have been popular on account of their cheapness, through which many people have been able to purchase meat who otherwise could not have afforded it. Its cheapness has also allowed many conscientious dealers to double their money on sausages and other minced viands of unknown composition. It is noticeable that a certain amount of sentiment still attaches to the horse in Germany, to the detriment of his value as an edible animal. A cavalry officer is being strongly censured for having sold to the butchers his war charger, on which he had ridden at Sedan. Perhaps when America begins to pour her droves of swine into Germany the noble horse, whom it is little less than cannibalism to eat, will again assume his right position in the Teutonic mind. It would be a great thing for the American boy if he could die to save the honor of the German horse.

A Good Disinfectant. Great need is often felt of a good, reliable disinfectant in such quantities that the amount of the purchase money precludes its use. An ounce of permanganate of potash, which may be obtained of any druggist, will make a bucketful of as good a deodorizer and disinfectant as can be obtained. It only needs to be dissolved in water, and can be kept in crystals, until needed. This solution is sold in bottles at a large price in England, under a registered name, and has an enviable and well-merited reputation. —New York Recorder.

Feminine Thrift in Philadelphia. A woman bought fifteen buttons in a Girard avenue dry-goods store at 1 cent apiece the other day. Next day she stopped in for some skirt braid costing 4 cents and for payment presented three of the buttons bought on the previous day and a cent. The storekeeper says that he has had thirty years' experience in the business, but this kind of legal tender is absolutely new to him. —Philadelphia Record.

## THE JOKER'S BUDGE.

TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

He Had Change—Not a Show—No Danger—Not Enough of Sand in Him, &c., &c.

HE HAD CHANGE.

Trump—Have you change for half a dollar?

Gentleman—Yes. Where's the half dollar?

Trump—I haven't any, but I thought if you had change for a half dollar, you might have a dime or two for a poor man who's seen better days. All the gents I have asked for help said they hadn't any change.

NOT A SHOW.

Goodin—Life is a fleeting show. Downluck—No, it isn't. I have plenty of life in me, haven't I?

Goodin—Yes.

Downluck—Well, I have never had a show.

NO DANGER.

Mr. Golly—Your beauty almost makes me fear you.

Miss Maid—Oh, there is no danger of your catching it.

NOT KNOWING OF SAND IN HIM.

"Why have you given up your boat?"

"He tried to kiss me at the gate the other night."

"That's no great crime."

"No, it isn't, but when I resisted he desisted." —[New York Press.

A REMARKABLE WHISTLER.

Winks—Hark! That's the most remarkable whistler I ever heard in my life.

Minks—What is there remarkable about it?

Winks—Why the whistler knows the tune he is whistling.

WANTED A GENTLE ONE.

"Do you want this bicycle to be gentle?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"I want to know about its habits. The last bicycle I had not only threw me, but whistled about as I struck the ground and jumped all over me." —[Harper's Bazar.

WORDS OF SCIENCE.

Blinks—If you have so much trouble with your teeth, why don't you get artificial ones?

"The idea of being bothered that way in this marvelous age of scientific and mechanical progress! I got a full set only a few months ago."

Jinks—Indeed! Are they a success?

Blinks—Success! I should say so. Why, I can almost eat with them.

NOT THE RIGHT KIND OF STREAM.

"Look at this beautiful river that lies at our feet, my son," said the aged father, as he laid his trembling hand on his youngest son's head and sent him out into the cold world.

"If you grow up in the right way, my son, your life will flow like this lovely stream."

The boy grew up to be a Confidence Man and a Thief, and is now in the Penitentiary. The beautiful river he had taken as his model was a Crooked One. —[Chicago Tribune.

DISAGREEMENT.

Parosia—I should think that being a person official would be very disagreeable."

Sofia—Why?

Parosia—Because prison officials always have felons on their hands.

A FOOLISH QUESTION.

Ethel—Do you think it's my money he is after?

Carissa—Hm! What do you think he is after?

HE'S HIGH NOW.

He was a first class failure.

And lived in the greatest need.

But the prize he took when he wrote a book.

With the title, "How to Succeed."

—[Athletic Constitution.

VILLAGE DIVISIONS.

Husband (a villager). The butter is strong, the coffee tastes as if made of beans, and this sugar is half sand. Why don't you deal with Straight & Co.? Their goods are always reliable.

Wife—Mr. Straight doesn't belong to our church. —[New York Weekly.

AN INVITATION.

Mrs. Minks—Why didn't you come home to dinner?

Small son—I had my dinner, ma. I took dinner with Willie Minks.

Did Mrs. Minks invite you?

"Yes, ma. I smelled apple dumplings cooking, and I told her I liked apple dumplings awful."

"Oh, you did."

"Yes, ma. Then she said maybe if I went home I'd find you had apple dumplings for dinner, too."

Humph!

"Yes, ma. But I told her yours was always so heavy you wouldn't let me eat any, an' then she invited me to sit down."

—[Good News.

A BRIGHT GIRL.

"Did you meet Miss Morrowby of Vassar on commencement day?"

"Yes."

"How was she, pretty bright?"

"Very—all the colors in the rainbow, in fact." —[The Epoch.

HE HAD A PIECE.

Mother—What in the world has become of the other half of that cake I cut for supper?

Little Dick—You gave it to me.

"Nonsense! You asked if you could have a piece of cake and I said yes."

"Yes, I meant the piece that was left over." —[Good News.

VERY NEAR IT.

I came near hiring a girl to-day who could wash, iron, cook, bake, sew, play the piano, write shorthand, play lawn tennis, strum the mandolin and speak Volapuk.

Van Felt—How did you come to miss her?

Wool—She left on her wedding trip fifteen minutes before I reached the house.

A SLIDING SCALE.

"Tom," she asked, "what is this ring worth?"

"Well," he answered, "I paid \$75 for it; actual worth probably \$30 and I might raise about \$12 on it at my uncle's."

A DOUBTFUL SURPRISE.

Wilkins—Will you marry me, Miss Hart?

Miss Hart—This is so sudden, you surprise me. Yes, I will.

Wilkins—And you will surprise me, too. I was sure you wouldn't accept me. So sure, in fact, that I had five dollars bet on it. Now I'm five out. —[Yankee Blade.

HE'D NOTICED IT, TOO.

"By George," said Smithers, angrily

a week after he had moved into the country, "every blessed thing I meet seems to have got 'all for something."

"Yes," said little Johnny Smithers,

"there was a rooster here this morning with a bill like corn." —[The Sun.

WASN'T WAR IT?

Spattie—Mr. Scaries says Mrs. Hopkins proposed to him.

Do bumper—Did she do it verbally, or did her money talk? —[New York Sun.

NO SECRET.

Jack (tenderly, to the little brother of his adored one)—Would you like to know a secret, Tommy?

Tommy—You bet.

Jack—Well, I'm in love with your sister.

Tommy—Oh, that's no secret! The family has talked about it every day since Aunt Hetty promised Nell that she'd bring about an introduction. —[Latteron Penningtons.

LABOR LOST.

Young Hardhead—I don't see why I am not invited to parties oftener. I am sure I always behave like a gentleman.

Young Lighthouse—That's the trouble. You are so very gentlemanly that the girls think you a stupid. —[New York Weekly.

THEIR LATEST CRAZE.

Chapleight—You don't visit Miss Geton any more, do you?

Notleft—No. She is making a scarfpin collection.

MADE HIM SICK.

Do Tracker—The killing of that jockey in yesterday's race was a horrible affair, wasn't it?

Do Butler—Horrible, horrible! Just made me sick. I had all my money on that horse. —[New York Weekly.

THE ONLY RESORT.

A correspondent asks how he shall salute a lady if he chummes to meet her on the street and does not have his hat on. I don't know of anything he can do except to tip his knee-cap. —[Baltimore Express.

MAMMA'S MISTAKE.

Mamma—Dear me! You've got your clothes all covered with whitewash.

Little Son—No, ma; it isn't whitewash, it's snot. It's only paint.

HE WAS ALL RIGHT.

Tommy Slimson—Mamma, would it be wrong for me to take a couple of feathers from your bonnet to play Indian with?

Mrs. Slimson—Yes, it would. You haven't done it, have you?

Tommy—No, ma. I only took one. —[Truth.

CAUSE FOR EXCITEMENT.

He—Did you know the vestry had engaged the new minister?

She—Exactly. To whom? —[New York Herald.

A DARING CASE TO JUDGMENT.

"You are almost tempted to steal a kiss from me," she said playfully; "do you know that a man was fined \$47 a few days ago for stealing a kiss from a woman?"

"If you had been the plaintiff and I the judge I would have let him off."

"What! That is to say, in my case the kiss would not have been worth anything?"

"On the contrary, that no fine could be adequate to the value of the goods stolen. But chiefly I should have taken into consideration the resistless force of the temptation."

He did not need to steal a kiss. —[New York Press.

ENGAGED TO THEM ALL.

She—There are twenty girls at Bar Harbor and not one of them was engaged to more than one man.

He—How was that?

She—There was only one man there.

CHILEAN POLICE.

As in all Chile, the police regulations of Concepcion are admirable. An average specimen stands in front of my window—a half-breed Indian, dressed in full military toggery. He is underdressed, stoop-shouldered, and in spite of a general hang-dog air and countenance ugly enough to stop a clock, but somehow he and his fellows manage to preserve perfect order, whatever betide. Perhaps this is largely due to the great body of secret police, who, uniformed and unknown, constantly patrol the city in every part. But more likely it is due to the "medicines" which an apprehended criminal is made to swallow. Each criminal is bound to pass with a good stout rope and given a hundred or more quick smart strokes on the bare back well laid on by a burly man who seems to enjoy his business, the misdeeds of whose arms have been wonderfully developed by this sort of exercise. The instrument of punishment is a short whip-stick, about as wide as the palm of your hand, having the end cut into many strips. An English sailor, who received this dose the other day for stealing a ham, was heard to solemnly declare that he would rather starve to death than take the medicine the second time. Each policeman carries a little bone whistle, whose shrill blast can be heard a mile or more, and he is required to exercise a vigilant wing on it every fifteen minutes throughout the night, to let the world know that he is not sleeping at his post. —[Boston Transcript.

"Honor Among Thieves."

"The old saying that 'there is honor even among thieves' seems to lead many persons to believe that a higher sense of honor prevails among crooks than is possessed by other people," remarked the acting superintendent of one of the leading Chicago detective agencies. "Now, that is a sad mistake. Thieves are the best friends we have in the line of work. We get more assistance from crooks than from any other source, and I believe I would be warranted in saying all other sources combined. We make one thief catch another. That's the whole system in a nutshell. Very often we get a crook into a very tight place, when, in order to help himself, he is willing to help us. It is a very common thing for prisoners to turn snitches, and as a fact that is a good reason for this sort of a display of virtue, but it is almost a daily occurrence for crooks to come to us with tips and information that they want to sell when there is nothing to induce them to do so except a kindly desire to earn a few dollars. Jealousy—professional jealousy, if you please—often figures in such cases, too. But it may be set down as a fact that the average crook is about as dishonest in dealing with men of his own ilk as he is in his intercourse with his betters." —[New Orleans Picayune.

## LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint sayings and Doings of Little Ones Collected and Printed Here for Other Little Folks to Read.

Willow Ware.

"Grandma's table is waiting for me. A plate with gingerbread piled. Bread and milk, and berries and cream. And the 'good marked.' For a good child, and I eat my supper and wonder where That won't fall land may be. Where the sky is white and the earth is blue That on my plate I see."

"Grandma, you know 'all for something'— Tell me the story of it."

Do the long-tailed birds know how to sing? Did the cranes live in the cave so small? The princess' hair in a fairy tale Is generally gold, but this is blue; How does the boat go without any sails? Tell me the story, grandmamma, do."

So she tells me the legend, centuries old, Of the lovers, who in love and gold; Of Li-chi fair and Chang the good; Who loved each other as lovers should; How they hid in the garden's hut while the Then fled away to the beautiful Isle; Though the cruel father pursued them there, And would have killed the hapless pair; But a kindly Power, by pity stirred, Changed each into a beautiful bird."

Grandmamma puts her spectacles on, And she tells me the story of the old; The marquis's house, the island home, The boat, the bridge, the gate. Here is the strange story where they talked— Here they are running away— And over all at the top you see The birds making love away."

And the odd little-figures seem to live— Strange fancies fill my head, Till grandmamma tells me, much too soon, It's time to go to bed."

But I dream of a land all blue and white, Of the lovers, who in love and gold; Over the arching bridge they go— One of the loveliest birds flies below— From the little house with the turned-up Come tiny lords and ladies and pages; And the best of myself to a willow tree, And at last I seem myself to be there. An azure isle is wandering through That beautiful queer little land of blue. —[Ludovick.

A Game Without a Name.

Here is a new game for you. It can be played only in a family where there are several children and some grown-up person who knew all the children when they were little. This person may be the mother. If she is busy an aunt will do very well.

This is the way the game was played in one family. An aunt and five children played it. The names of the children were Minnie, Alice, Jimmie, Bobby and Archie. The aunt sat by the window and emphasized each child's play and the children stood in a row before her.

"One of you," said Aunt Addie, "when you were a baby, used to cry when you heard howl, sad times like the 'Old Hundred' and 'Old Dog Tray.' When we sang something lively, like 'Captain Jinks,' you would laugh. Now, which one was it?"

"Bobby," shouted two children, "that's the kind he likes now."

"That was an easy one," said the aunt; "here is another. One of you hated to wear hats. You would cry whenever one was put on, and after you had ridden a little way in your carriage, you would pull it off and throw it away. The person who picked it up when she saw it, but sometimes she did not see it, and several hats and caps were lost. Which of you was it?"

"Jimmie's always losing his things," said Minnie. "I guess it was Jimmie."

"No," said the aunt; "it is your turn for the other guess, Jimmie. Only two guesses each time."

"It was Minnie," said Jimmie.

"No," said Aunt Addie. "Now here is another. There was one of you—only one—who was always good and only cried when he felt sick."

"Archie," guessed all the children at once. And they were right.

"These children and the aunt played a long time that day, but I have told you enough to show you how to try it and see if you can think of a name for the new game."

Porpoises.

The gregarious porpoise, or Phocaena communis, is one of the most jolly and careless fishes in the sea. He is hardly ever found alone, but delights to join great roaming parties, and scour the fishing coasts, running into all the c



# The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, Editor & Proprietor.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1891.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

## POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

### Election News.

Returns so far show that Ohio, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Colorado and South Dakota have gone Republican, and New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Mississippi and Virginia went Democratic. Chicago and Detroit went overwhelmingly republican as well as the Fifth Michigan district, which elected Capt. Bulknip to Congress. Iowa and Massachusetts may have elected democratic governors but their other state officers and legislatures are republican.

Napoleon crossing the Alps seems to have been imitated by the American hog.—*Boston Herald.*

Canada is bound to come in. The poultry-raisers are swiftly and surely egging the dominion on to annexation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The French senate has fixed a duty on American salt pork imported into that country. This action removes the prohibition.

Gov. Winans contemplates a trip to California and Mexico this winter, now that the rest of the family has got the run of the offices so well.

Democratic Ohio orators don't trot out "the poor man's dinner pail" as they did a year ago, and never mention "sugar" as they pass.—*Niles Sun.*

A few short months ago Italy was going to eat the United States. Now Italy is going to eat United States pork. Peace hath her victories.—*New York Sun.*

The idea of Mills of Texas telling Massachusetts voters how to vote! It is enough to make the bones of patriots turn over in their graves.—*Kalamazoo Telegraph.*

The republican party has given the people good wages, good markets and good money, and will guard them in the enjoyment of these valuable possessions.—*Rochester Democrat.*

The gross wealth of free trade England is estimated at about \$40,000,000,000. The national wealth of the United States is not less than \$71,000,000,000. What has enabled us to outstrip the mother country in so brief a time? Clearly our national policy of protection.—*Lansing Republican.*

The Detroit Tribune prints a display advertisement setting forth that J. E. Scripps is and always has been a true blue Republican. Yet the same James E. Scripps made his fortune by publishing a free trade Democratic paper. The things don't agree.—*Det. Journal.*

Bay county people are much surprised to learn that their state taxes are 17 per cent higher this year than last. In view of the fact that the Democrats have boasted so loudly about reducing taxation, the increase noted occasions much unfavorable comment.

The \$3,000 which the Democratic state government forces Alpena county to pay above what was paid last year, would go a long way in fixing up our country roads. Democratic administrations come high. Remember that, farmers.—*Alpena Pioneer.*

"The United States do not approach the question (protective tariff) from the same standpoint as ourselves. The objective of their statesman is not to secure the largest amount of wealth for their country, but to keep up, by whatever means possible, the standard of comfort among the working classes."—*London Times.*

The tin plate testimony is coming in rapidly and long before the next campaign many democratic editors will have to eat their words concerning its manufacture in this country. Yankee pluck and cash will soon drive foreign tin out our market, thanks to the McKinley bill.—*West Branch Herald.*

The N. Y. Herald's Washington special says: Theodore Roosevelt, the aggressive member of the civil service commission, was at his post yesterday, after several weeks' vacation, spent on his western ranch. He stopped long enough in New York to get charged with a large amount of republican enthusiasm. He unhesitatingly predicts Fossitt's election.

Flower's enforced silence in New York reminds one of a boy who was not over-smart and his father told him he must not talk in company. The boy honestly obeyed, and refused to answer questions propounded to him. It was then that his querist remarked: "You must be a fool". The boy at once started for home, and said: "Dad, it's no use. I never said a word, and they found out I was a fool all the same."—*Inter Ocean.*

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF CRAWFORD COUNTY, MICH.

OCTOBER SESSION 1891.

AFTERNOON SESSION, OCT. 15, '91.

Supervisor Shafer in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present. Moved and supported that the Rules be suspended and that we open under the head of presentations of petitions Carried.

On motion of Supervisor Aebli, the following report was accepted and referred to the Committee on Finance. To the Honorable Chairman and Board of Supervisors of Crawford County, now in session:

We the undersigned Superintendents of the Poor of Crawford county, would respectfully submit the following report in regard to the receipts and disbursements of the Poor Fund of the county.

Oct. 1, '90. Amt. on hand, \$722.53  
do Amt. appropriated 1200.00  
do ref'd to Fund 27.00

Total, \$1949.53

Oct. 1, '91. Total expended during the year, \$725.53, viz:

Food \$138.98  
Clothing 34.46  
Transportation 35.40  
Incidentals to Poor House, 197.85  
Funeral Expenses, 37.50  
Fuel, 2.75  
Medicines, 8.25  
Apprehensions, 10.00  
Nursing, 20.00  
Miscellaneous, 240.00

Total, \$725.53

The several amounts expended in the different townships are as follows:

GRAYLING TP.

Amount expended for food, \$114.51

do do Clothing, 16.99

do do Nursing, 8.00

do do Transportation, 18.75

do do Fuel, 2.75

do do Medicines, 2.25

Total, \$200.75

FERRIS TP.

Amount expended for food, \$3.61

do do Clothing, 8.60

do do Transportation, 3.00

do do Medicines, 6.00

Total, \$19.41

MAPLE FOREST TP.

Amount expended for food, \$1.78

do do Clothing, 1.50

do do Transportation, 3.00

do do Medicines, 12.00

Total, \$16.20

BEAVER CREEK TOWNSHIP.

Amount expended for food, \$7.14

do do Transportation, 7.15

do do Apprehension, 10.00

Total, \$24.31

BALL TOWNSHIP.

Amount expended for food, \$12.00

Total, \$12.00

CENTER PLAINS TOWNSHIP.

Amount expended for clothing, \$9.17

do do Transportation, 6.50

Total, \$15.67

MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES.

Livery Hire, \$6.25

Physician's services, 125.50

Supervisor's do 4.75

Exp. attending State Assoc'n., 10.09

Superintendent's services, 55.00

Council of J. K. Wright, 5.00

Repairing Flarity's house, 22.48

Recording Flarity's Deed, 75

Cost of Flarity suit, 6.11

Repairing Poor House Pump, 1.00

Total, \$240.34

PARTIALITY TO POOR HOUSE.

Amount expended for board, washing, etc., \$197.85

Grand total of disbursements, \$725.53

SUMMARY.

Oct. 1, '90. By amt on hand, \$722.53

By am. app. by Bd. 1200.00

61 By am. ref. to fd., 27.00

Total received, \$1949.49

Oct. 1, '91. To disbursements, \$725.53

do To old vouchers of '90, paid in '91., 24.00

do To bal. on hand, 1200.06

Total, \$1949.53

By amt on hand Oct 1, '91, \$1200.06

We would respectfully ask that the sum of \$500.00 be appropriated as an addition to the fund now on hand for the ensuing year.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

R. P. FORBES, J. S. CREGO, J. J. COVENTRY, Supts. of Poor.

Moved and supported that we now adjourn until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. Carried.

MORNING SESSION, OCT. 16, '91.

Supervisor Shafer in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Moved and supported that the fol-

lowing Report of the Committee on Claims and Accounts be accepted and adopted. Carried.

GRAYLING, Oct. 16, '91.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of the County of Crawford and State of Michigan:

Your committee on Claims and Accounts would respectfully submit the following as their report, and do hereby recommend that the several amounts scheduled herein, be allowed, also that the Clerk of this Board be authorized to draw orders on the Co. Treas. for the same.

No. 1. Huling Bros. & Everhard, Office supplies. Submitted \$18.25; allowed \$18.25

No. 2. Jasper West, labor. Submitted, 5.95; allowed 5.95

No. 3. W. A. Masters, office sup. Sub., 30.07; allowed 30.07

No. 4. W. W. Metcalf, labor. Submitted, 4.50; allowed 4.50

No. 5. Salling, Hanson & Co. Hosiery and Supplies. Submitted, 135.59; allowed 135.59

No. 6. S. H. & Co., lumber. Sub., 7.68; allowed 7.68

No. 7. C. F. Kelly, dep. shf. Submitted, 3.00; allowed 3.00

No. 8. D. McCormick, dep. shf. fees. Sub., 91.97; allowed 91.97

No. 9. J. J. Coventry, services. Sub., 9.60; allowed 9.60

No. 10. A. J. Rose, dep. shf. Submitted, 2.00; allowed 2.00

No. 11. G. W. Love, services and postage. Sub., 3.25; al'd 3.25

No. 12. Geo. Pauble, com. work. Submitted 10.00; al'd 10.00

No. 13. C. M. Jackson, exp. and postage. Sub., 5.50; al'd 5.50

No. 14. J. F. Hum, services on State Board of Equalization. Submitted, 36.00; allowed 36.00

No. 15. A. Cross, labor. Submitted, 5.28; allowed 5.28

No. 16. T. Wakeley, sheriff fees. Submitted, 35.33; al'd 35.33

No. 17. T. Wakeley, same. Sub., 36.00; allowed 36.00

No. 18. T. Wakeley, same. Submitted, 37.00; allowed 37.00

No. 19. Wight Haines, soldiers' Relief Committee fees. Submitted, 6.24; allowed 6.24

No. 20. J. F. Hum, committee work. Sub., 9.24; al'd 9.24

No. 21. O. Palmer, printing. Submitted, 15.50; allowed 15.50

No. 22. J. Hanna, committee work. Sub., 8.40; allowed 8.40

No. 23. Claggett & Pringle, supplies. Sub., 5.82; allowed 5.82

No. 24. J. S. Crego, services. Submitted, 3.56; allowed 3.56

No. 25. J. & L. J. Patterson publishing notice. Sub. 1.25; al'd 1.25

No. 26. R. McElroy, Justice fees. Submitted, 16.70; al'd 16.70

No. 27. J. & L. J. Patterson stationery. Sub., 7.75; al'd 7.75

No. 28. Same, sub. 2.75; al'd 2.75

No. 29. Same, sub. 2.00; al'd 2.00

No. 30. R. McElroy, Justice fees. Submitted, 2.00; allowed 2.00

No. 31. Short & Foreman, referred back for correction.

No. 32. H. C. Thatcher, M. D., referred to the Board.

No. 33. W. Woodburn, Justice fees. Submitted 33.95; al'd 33.95

No. 34. L. Fournier, office supplies. Sub. 4.88; allowed 4.88

No. 35. C. A. Peacock, sheriff fees. 12.15; allowed 4.35

No. 36. W. R. Love, labor. Submitted 75 cents; allowed 75

No. 37. Thos. Wakeley, sheriff fees. Referred to Board.

L. J. MILLER, Com.

JOHN F. HUM, Com.

PETER W. STEPHAN, Com.

Moved by Supervisor Hum that the petition of the citizens of Frederic in regard to Fish State, be taken from the hands of the Committee, and returned to the Supervisor of that town. Carried.

Moved and supported that the statements of rejected taxes from the Auditor General, be referred to the Committee on Apportionment. Carried.

Moved and supported that Bill No. 33 of H. C. Thatcher, be allowed at ten dollars. Carried.

Moved and supported that we now adjourn until 2 o'clock this afternoon. Carried.

AFTERNOON SESSION, OCT. 16, '91.

Supervisor Shafer in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Moved and supported that the item of eight dollars and twenty-five cents, charges on the suit of Balcom, etc., vs. Mickelson Co., in the bill of Thos. Wakeley, be stricken out. Carried.

Moved and supported that the bill of Thos. Wakeley, sheriff, for 441.95, be allowed at \$433.70. Carried.

Moved and supported that we re-adjourn the action of the Board in regard to the disposition of the Report of the Superintendents of the Poor. Carried.

Moved and supported that the Report of the Superintendents of the Poor be received and referred to the committee on County Poor. Carried.

Moved and supported that the statement of the Auditor General in regard to the rejected taxes, be taken from the Committee on Apportionment. Carried.

Moved and supported that the Chair appoint a special committee of three to examine the statement of the Auditor General of rejected taxes, and prepare a statement of the amount, etc., belonging to each town, and report the same to this Board at this session. Carried.

The Chair appointed on such committee, Supervisors Aebli, Miller and Sherman.

Moved and supported that we make it a special order of business to-mor-

HALLO!

HALLO!

"A," Do you know??

"B," What?

"A," That D. B. CONNER has returned from below,

where he bought a new and full stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES AND DRY GOODS!

But this is not all, but you ought to get the prices on

HAY, GRAIN AND OTHER FEED

You will be surprised at the lowness of prices on all his different lines of Goods, so much so, that you will at once be convinced where your money will go the farthest.

Do not forget the place. It is at the store of

D. B. CONNER,

Grayling Michigan.

IF YOU WANT A LUMBER WAGON

ROAD WAGON, OR CARRIAGE?

REAPER, OR MOWER OR DRILL?

PLOW, OR HARROW OR CULTIVATOR?

OR ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS?

CALL ON

O. PALMER, Grayling, Mich.

row at 10 o'clock, to elect a Superintendent of the Poor. Carried.

Moved by Supervisor Hum, that we adjourn until to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. Carried.

MORNING SESSION, OCT. 17, '91.

Supervisor Shafer in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

The minutes of yesterday's session were read and approved.

Moved and supported that the bill of W. A. Masters, for \$147.97, be allowed as charged. Carried.

Moved and supported that the bill of Dr. C. W. Smith, for \$25.00 be allowed at \$10.00. Carried.

Moved and supported that the bill of Schart & Foreman for \$16.00 be allowed as charged. Carried.

On motion of Supervisor Hum, the following report of the special committee to recommend the salaries of deputy game wardens was accepted and adopted.

GRAYLING, Oct. 16, '91.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Crawford county:

Gentlemen—Your committee appointed by the chairman to consider the communication from the State Fish and Game Warden, in regard to salary of deputy game wardens, have given the matter due consideration, and respectfully submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That after January 1st, 1892, the compensation of each deputy game warden in this county, be fixed at twenty dollars, (\$20.00) for each violation of the Fish and Game Law, secured on his complaint.

P. AEBLI, JOHN HANNA, BENJAMIN SHERMAN, Com.

(Continued Next Week.)

Governor Campbell of Ohio is undoubtedly a bright man, but brand new American tin is brighter and will outshine him every time. When democratic leaders fight against American industries to favor Welsh capitalists they invite and deserve defeat.—*Muskegon Chronicle.*

A Paper for the Million.

The Western Rural and American Stockman, one of the oldest farm journals in this country, is a journal of large size, and filled with literature which not only represents agriculture and its kindred interests in their highest sense, but devotes much space for the entertainment of the farmer's family, on the ground that the farmer and his family are of as much importance as the farm.

We find in its columns, also able articles devoted to the discussion of the economic and social questions of our time. The Rural has no hobby, but aids in the advancement of all the practical reform measures which are agitating the public mind at the present time. It believes in organization among farmers, and has devoted much time and expense to the end that producers might stand together for their rights, but above all it believes in education, and the general information in regard to public affairs which is necessary to fit the people for self-reliant citizenship. To this end The Rural has assisted in the establishment of a School of Agriculture and Manual Training for dependent street waifs, which is doing a great work in saving the street waifs of the large towns and cities. The subscription price of The Western Rural is \$1.50 per year. Less in clubs. For particulars, address MILTON GEORGE, Pub., 158 CLARK ST. CHICAGO, ILL. Nov. 5, 3w.

Free coinage advocates are charmed by the illusory belief that many dollars would make it easier to possess them. This illusion will prove a very painful surprise if their heresy ever becomes an established fact. Work will be none the easier, wages none the higher, and money in circulation none the plentier if Uncle Sam should cord up the silver mountain high.—*Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald.*

Wayne county is run by a Democratic board of supervisors. The Free Press of Tuesday publishes a list of the amount recommended to be raised by the committee on ways and means for the several county purposes and in the close of its article says that Chairman Amos says the tax will be double the percentage it was two years ago. Such is reform.—*Cheboygan Tribune.*

H. JOSEPH'S

OPERA HOUSE STORE

At the Front again

With a full line of

Dry Goods

—AND—

Clothing,

CLOAKS AND JACKETS

Carpet and Oil Cloth,

BOOTS & SHOES.

HATS & CAPS.

And for fact a larger and better stock, as ever has been seen north of Bay City. You can't do better than to call on us, as we can and will sell you goods cheaper, than any other house in the county. Don't buy until you look us over. Yours for success

H. JOSEPH.

OPERA HOUSE STORE

H. JOSEPH'S

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

HAVE several pieces of Real Estate for sale or exchange, that will offer a good margin to investors.

AMONG THEM ARE THE FOLLOWING:

A Cheap House and desirable Lot on Cedar Street.

The vacant lot on corner of Cedar and Ottawa Streets.

Two vacant lots on Peninsular Avenue. Very desirable.

Two lots corner of Ottawa and Maple Streets.

Several choice lots on Brink's addition.

GOOD HOUSE, TWO LOTS, BARN, FINE SHRUBBERY, etc., corner Peninsular Avenue and Ogden Street. Cheap.

A number of good farms.

Six Houses and Lots in Jonesville.

Fine Brick



# The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, Local Editor.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1931.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Manistee has a haunted house.

Fresh Gold-Dust, at the City Market.

Tawas is on the lookout for a flour mill.

Cab. Photos, \$2.50 per doz., at the Grayling Gallery.

Gaylord's new ashery has commenced operations.

If you want Mittens and Gloves, call on S. H. & Co.

Cheboygan mills are shutting down for want of logs.

Choke Confectionery and Cigars, at Jackson & Masters.

Typhoid fever is reported in many places in the district.

Go to Claggett and Pringle's for nice Fresh Butter.

Calhoun county will vote on the prohibition question.

The funeral of Judge Marston, occurred at Bay City, yesterday.

The best Pickles in town are found, at Simpson's City Market.

The first snow of the season, Sunday morning, November 1st.

Messrs. Jackson & Master handle the Western Cottage Organs.

Muskegon shipped 34,000,000 feet of lumber by water during October.

Go to Fournier's Drug store for School Books and Tablets.

Mrs. S. P. Smith is giving great bargains in Triumphant Millinery.

A school of dancing and deportment is one of the things now talked of.

A first class feed cutter for sale cheap, at this office.

Grayling has another saloon now. There are now eleven in the county.

The place to buy your shoes is at the store of S. H. & Co.

Japanese buckwheat sown in Tuscola county, yielded 76 bushels to the acre.

Simpson has just received an invoice of fresh cheese, at the City Market.

Fifty thousand bushels of potatoes have been shipped from Sturgis this fall.

Claggett and Pringle are headquarters for everything in Fresh Groceries.

The AVALANCHE and Detroit Tribune, one year, for a dollar and a half.

A full line of Fall and Winter Overcoats for sale cheap at the Pioneer Store of S. H. & Co.

Chas. Erntz has brought in another Rata Baga weighing nearly 20 lbs.

Go to Claggett and Pringle's for your children's shoes. Over 800 pair just received.

The men handling steel on the railroad complain of frosty mornings, the past week.

If you want a first-class Sewing Machine, buy the American or Domestic of Jackson & Masters.

A year's population is 15,513 according to the directory compilers' basis of figuring.

A full line of Heating and Cook Stoves constantly on hand at the store of S. H. & Co.

The Hackley soldiers' monument in Muskegon will be dedicated within three weeks.

Ladies will find a fine line of Eider-down for children's clothing at Claggett and Pringle's.

The Michigan members of Berdan's Sharpshooters held a reunion at Hudson last week.

A large invoice of mens', youths', and children's Hats, just received, at Claggett and Pringle's.

A Roseomoon man killed a Beaver Creek speckled trout that weighed 13 ounces, with a spade.

Did you see the cork shoes for men, at Bell's. They are only \$3, and are worth twice the money.

Alma college has been presented two beautiful United States flags by the republic of France.

Have you seen those beautiful Lamps at the general store of S. H. & Co. Call and see them.

The success of our school is a matter of congratulation for our citizens. It will bring people here.

Do not forget that Salling Hanson & Co. are closing out their stock of Clothing at reduced prices.

Gents, go to Claggett and Pringle's for your Neck Wear. They have the finest line in town made to order.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society will give their Semi-annual Tea Friday afternoon, at the Parsonage.

An elegant line of Millinery and Fancy Goods at Mrs. S. P. Smith's, two doors East of Opera House.

Jas. K. Wright, of Grayling, was one of the happy visitors in the DEMOCRAT office, Monday.—Ros. Democrat.

Wm. Cutler and Mr. Michelson came down from Emmet county and made final proof on their homestead claims last Friday.

A fine line of Mantel and Nickel Clocks very cheap, at G. W. Smith's, two doors East of Opera House.

"The Temple of Fame," was given at the Caro opera house by local talent, last week, to a crowded house.

Claggett and Pringle have just received their new Teas. They are the first pickings and very choice. Try them.

Henry Funkh, of South Branch has brought in a sample of corn raised on his farm which would be hard to beat.

Every man, woman and child should buy their shoes of G. J. Bell. Why? Because he has the largest and best assorted stock.

Judge Waldron brought in a basket of winter radishes, planted Sept. 1st, which weighed nearly a pound a piece.

Ladies call at Claggett and Pringle's and see the great bargains they are offering in towels, only 25 cents, worth twice the money.

Mrs. O. Palmer had the pleasure of a visit from her sister, Mrs. Dr. Niles, of Oscoda county, the first of the week.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." These new Aristotopes are beauties. Call at Bonnell's and see them. Only \$3.50 per dozen.

The sensational play of "Dot" will be given at the Opera House, this evening. To-morrow night, "Little Perret."

The Supreme Court says: Intelligent men who are the most competent jurors are usually readers of newspapers.

Every Man, Woman, and Child should buy their shoes at Claggett & Pringle's. A large assortment and prices rock-bottom.

F. R. Deckrow has concluded to continue in the Wind Mill business, and thinks Grayling is good enough for him for a location. See ad. in another column.

Frank Deckrow is putting down a Tubular Well for Messrs. Smith & Co. in the hardwood, in Beaver Creek township.

Remember the performances at the Opera House, to night and to-morrow evening. Admission 25, and 35 cents, Children 15 cents.

Mrs. S. P. Smith, of Grayling, is at the Exchange Hotel to-day, showing a fine line of millinery goods.—Ros. Democrat.

Addison Stevenson, who shot John Nole in the thigh at a Bay City dance, was sentenced to the Detroit house of correction for three months.

Arrangements are being perfected to have an ice skating rink here this winter. The floor of the old roller rink will be flooded for that purpose.

Pincushioning has suffered so many losses by fire this fall that it only requires a few taps on the fire bell to make the whole town turn out.

Deer hunters are coming in on every train, and there are now ten hunters to every deer. The hunting season being short is some consolation.

Tucker's Metropolitan's opened at the Opera House, last evening. Change of program to-night and to-morrow night. Admission, 25 and 35 cents; children 15 cts.

Do not make a mistake but take your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry for repairs to G. W. Smith, Jeweler and Engraver. Prices as low as good work permits.

The Noble Overture, the opening play of F. A. Tucker's engagement at the Opera House, next Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th.

The death of Judge Marston removes a man eminent for his rapid rise and rare professional success. A genial and joyous spirit, also, has gone over to the majority.

F. L. Hadley, of Holly, an old resident of Grayling, was in town the beginning of the week. He brought up a carload of apples which he sold to Messrs Claggett & Pringle.

M. Simpson has just received a full line of Canned Goods, Teas, Coffees, Flour &c., &c., at the City Market on Cedar Street. He can supply your tables better than any other store.

Ray, R. H. Sinclair, former pastor of the Presbyterian church, in this city, was installed as pastor of a newly organized Presbyterian church in Bay City. The services took place Tuesday evening.

The new Aristotipe is bound to go. Combining superior beauty of detail, high enamel finish, and much greater permanency. It is a decided advance in Photography.

Bonnell makes them, \$3.50 per doz. The Manistee fertilizer works of E. S. Fitch and 1,000,000 shingles owned by Grand Rapids lumbermen, were burned at Manistee Saturday night.

Alpena claims to have more citizens, whose names begin with "Mc" than any other this side of Scotland. The City of Macs is suggested as a name for it.

Monopolist T. Woodruff, already the publisher of the Xpiliant Sentinel and the Cadillac Democrat, is said to be reaching out for the Roseomoon Pioneer.—Ez.

Hunting parties have been coming in from all directions for the past week, to be on hand for the season which opens to-day. But few of them bring dogs.

At the last meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E., the following resolution was adopted:

RESOLVED—That we tender a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. R. Hanson for their kindness, in opening their elegant home for our reception, Thursday eve, last.

The "boys" had lots of fun? Hal-lows'en in displacing signs, wagons and all things movable. A few disreputable acts are reported, but were probably done without special thought of wrong.

Messrs. Day & Hoover, of Cadillac, have opened up their Tonsorial Parlor, in the room next door to Claggett & Pringle's store. It is fitted up in first style and they guarantee their customers satisfaction in all work in their line. Give them a call.

On Friday night they run out of kerosene oil at Alpena, and the city was left in darkness until a boat arrived with 500 barrels of the liquid hydrocarbon. They run out of beer week before last, next week, we suppose it will be whisky, or milk.

The Frank Tucker combination played the "Noble Outcast" at the Opera House last Friday evening. From first to last it was an enjoyable entertainment, but the singing and acting of Mr. Tucker and Jennie were decidedly the best features of the performance.—Neodago Republican.

Geo. A. Drake, editor of the Arena County Review, contracted with the board of supervisors to do the county printing for the term of one year. But it seems that some of the county officials did not like the way the editor "roasted" them, through the paper. A law suit is the result.—Cheboygan Tribune.

Geo. Cripps, fireman and assistant engineer in Clive's mill, West Branch, found himself dressed much like the south sea cannibal who ransacked the missionary's satchel, just after a few rounds with a shaft. The wristbands of his shirt and his shoes and stockings remained intact, while the whirling shaft had the other garments. It was a narrow escape.—Det. Journal.

One of the most pleasant social events of our village was the reception, given by the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor, last Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hanson, who opened their elegant home for the purpose. About one hundred guests were present and it was unanimously decided, if that was one of the lines of Christian Endeavor, it was cast in a pleasant place.

It having been discovered that yesterday was the 25th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Hanson, about one hundred of our citizens, combined and confederated to gether and assaulted and captured their home at 8 o'clock, last evening. They surrendered unconditionally, but to confirm the treaty later in the evening, Rev. S. G. Taylor, with happy speech, in the name of those present, presented them with a table full of paper, tin, crystal china and silver presents, and promised them the gold and diamond in the years to come. The collation following was elegant, the social event perfect, and the surprise absolutely complete.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church held their annual meeting at Mrs. Mickelson's last Friday afternoon, to elect Officers for the ensuing year. The officers elected are:

President, Mrs. N. Mickelson; Vice President, Mrs. L. Benson; Secretary, Mrs. J. M. Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Hanson.

The amount of money received during the year, \$530.61. Amount paid out \$14.20.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Mickelson for her sympathy, liberality and untiring efforts for the good of the society during the past year, and a God speed for the coming year.

Mrs. J. M. JONES, SEC.

The ladies of the Catholic Church gave a social at the Opera House, Tuesday Evening, which was well attended. A lady's gold watch was won by Miss Emma Hanson on a game of cards. Miss Anna Charron, for which they sold tickets at ten cents, each. Miss Charron's sales amounted to \$263.00, and Miss Hanson's to \$106.09. Miss Charron received the prize, but a second watch as handsome as the other, was presented to Miss H. The proceeds from the supper amounted to \$24.80, which made the social net the ladies a very handsome amount. The ladies of this church are few in number, but when they give a social, it is sure to be a success, both socially and financially.

October Weather.

Only 1.89 inches of rain fell during the month. Mercury registered below freezing 13 times, the lowest 18° the 23th, the highest 85° the 2d. The prevailing wind, northerly.

To the Farmers and Lumbermen, of Crawford County.

I wish to say that I now have my feed mill in first class order and on Thursday of each week will grind for anyone who want work done. I will grind Corn meal and Graham flour for the lawful toll and guarantee you good work and perfect satisfaction. Come and give me a trial.

Yours Respectfully, D. B. CONNER.

It is foolish for any friend of free college who is not an owner of a silver mine or a speculator to worry about this demand for an honest dollar. The owners of mines and the speculators are the only men who will be benefited to any appreciable extent by the free coinage of a dollar in value than the gold dollar. Farmers, laborers and all other classes will be injured by a dollar that is not a dollar.—Leavenworth Times.

The Press and Public Men.

Is the press immugated? By no means. Do all connected with it appreciate the grave responsibilities which their limitless facilities for teaching the public should impose upon them? Again the answer must be an emphatic no. Have public men no reasonable grounds of complaint? Undoubtedly they have. But the sweeping judgment which too many of them pass upon the representatives of the press as a body has in it the same elements of unfairness and injustice as exist in the wide opinion that public men as a class are corrupt. With the latter, exact opposite is true. As a class they are honest. So with journalists; as a class they are careful and conscientious.

The erroneous judgment of public men and of members of the press spring from the same cause; namely, visiting the shortcomings of the few upon the many. In the one case the fact that party men, as a rule, unite to shield those detected in wrong creates a general opinion that the class is corrupt. In the other the fact that there is too much toleration by the press of its libelers and sensation-mongers gives excuse to public men for their sweeping charges. In a word, the most effective foes of the press are those of its own household.

It is fully able to deal successfully with all others; it should be abundantly able to crush these.—Gen. Doyton, in the October Century.

A POPULAR FAMILY.

James: "How tell, Kate, that you always seem to be in such a hurry to get home?" "I don't know," I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."

James: "I don't know," I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."

James: "I don't know," I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."

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James: "I don't know," I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."

Extraordinary Offer.

Every subscriber to the AVALANCHE who has paid in advance can have the DETROIT TRIBUNE.

ONE YEAR FOR FIFTY CENTS. The Tribune has moved to the front place in Michigan Journalism and is without doubt the best weekly paper for Michigan readers.

Call and see sample copy.

Notice.

E. M. Roffe, has some desirable Lots on Peninsular Avenue, Michigan Avenue and Chestnut Street. Being agent for the same will give prior &c. Wm. WOODBURN.

Oct. 23 th.

If You Want.

Your Harness repaired and oiled, and pay for the work done, at Potatoes or Wood, you can do, at the Harness Shop of Sept. 10, th. A. H. TOWNSLEY.

For Sale.

I WILL SELL any of my homes or lots on favorable terms. For particular information, call on JOSEPH CHARRON.

May 1. 1.

Wanted.

Having for Portable Mill, capacity, 10 to 12 M. per day. E. A. STIMSON, ST. CHARLES, MICH.

For Sale.

A GOOD HOME and two lots with large barn, and two vacant lots, will be sold at a bargain. This property is as desirably located as any in this village. Enquire at this office or of Christian Range.

For sale very cheap if sold at once, one Saw Mill outfit complete, capacity 15 to 20 M. per day, power ample to run other machinery if desired. Terms easy. Correspondence solicited. Address, F. C. MASON.

1w. Otter Lake Mich.

Gunsmith Shop.

I WILL open up the old blacksmith shop near the bridge, where I will make and repair guns and do other fine work in my line. Repairing of machinery a specialty. Terms reasonable. Give me a call.

H. B. WILLIAMS.

Aug. 18th, '37.

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Careful and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees. Our Office is opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

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WIND MILLS!!

DO You Want

WIND MILL?

IF so, the EUREKA takes the lead. Parties who are going to purchase a Mill can save money and get the best Mill manufactured of

F. R. DECKROW, Grayling.

WIND MILLS.

TANKS AND FIXTURES, THRESHERS, ENGINES.

Horse Powers, Portable Saw Mills, Feed Grinders, &c., &c., &c.

Write me for prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Aug 27 F. R. DECKROW.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE at GRAYLING, MICH.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intent to claim land under the act of Congress, approved Oct. 3, 1908, in the County of Crawford, in the State of Michigan, to-wit: Oscar Palmer, of Crawford, Michigan, who claims a section of land in the Township of Crawford, and Range 14, of the Village of Grayling, Michigan, and described as follows: Lot One in the Section 14, of the Village of Grayling, Michigan.

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L. FOURNIER,

Grayling, Michigan.

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GRAYLING, ILL.



# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## HABITS OF BOB WHITE.

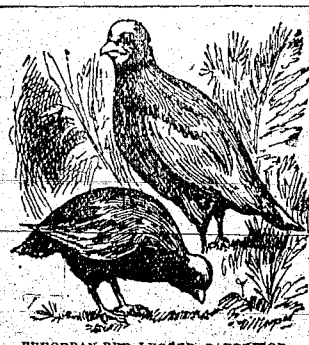
PECULIARITIES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE GAME BIRD.

He bears but slight resemblance to his European namesake, Migratory in his habits, but a faithful husband and a devoted father.

A Trial to Wing Shots. Little "Bob White" is one of the favorites of American game birds. He is known to sportsmen from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, although different localities give him different names. North and East he is known as "quail," while West and South he is called "partridge." Compared with the birds of the same name in Europe he is neither, and for this reason many prefer to call him as he calls himself—Bob White. The European quail is smaller and more dumpy, with a dark breast. It does not form in coveys, the plumage is dull, and he is a quarrelsome, selfish fellow, entirely different from the affectionate, gallant American bird. The European partridge is double the size of the quail, but lacks the latter's swift and frequently long continued flight. The flesh is, however, white, and the wings are of the American shape.

"Bob White" is to some extent migratory in his habits. In the fall he has a "running season," during which he will not take wing, but runs with incredible speed before an enemy. In weight, between six and seven ounces is a good average, although considerable depends

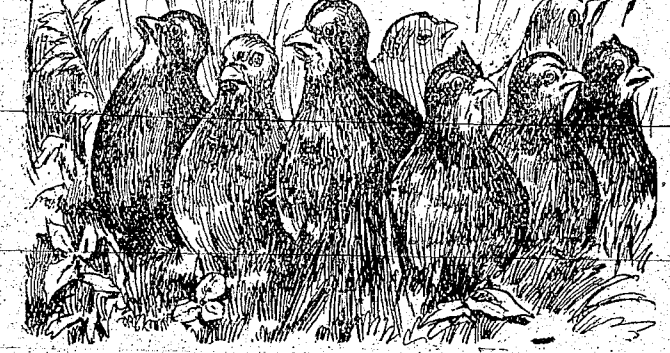
feed till afternoon. But when bright and pleasant they are away to the feeding ground at sunrise, remaining there till about 11 o'clock. Then a rest is taken till the middle of the afternoon, when they come again till sundown. It often happens when shooting in the fall that a covey will be "sprung" with some of the birds too small to bag. This is because there have been two nestings. The eggs and the young are often destroyed by the wet and cold of the early autumn, or by beasts and birds of prey. In such case the hen again goes to lay.



EUROPEAN RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE.

ing, and the second brood is retarded by the time lost between the first and second nestings. When birds of two sizes are found in the same covey, it seems to show that the parents have raised two broods; and this happens often in the South than in the North—the summer of the Middle and Northern States being generally too short for the raising of two broods. Audubon states that in Texas, the Florida, and as far eastward as the neighborhood of Charleston, in South Carolina, it breeds twice in the year, first in May and again in September.

The affection which exists between



AT BREAK OF DAY.

on the feeding ground, the condition of the weather, and the bird's age. With everything favorable for flesh, bags have been made averaging eight ounces, but this is an exception rather than a rule. Unlike the grouse and the European quail, the little American is a faithful husband and devoted father. To find him in Mormon practices is rare. Should he, however, discover that his gallant



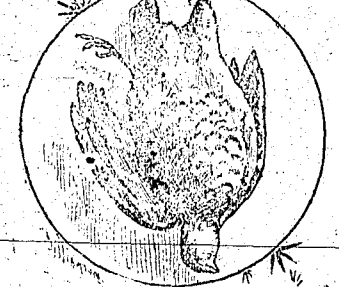
"BOB WHITE."

bearing and spruce attire have made him doubly beloved, he will show his partial devotion to two spouses. From a fence rail, with his two wives on their nests not two feet apart, he will gladden both their little hearts with his love-song. But he is naturally a monogamist. He selects his mate and makes his courtship in the spring, soon after the snow and frost have gone, when the willows have turned yellow, while the frogs are piping in the marsh, and the Wilson snipe is drumming above the meadows. If the wintry storm should come back, the males will resemble in a covey and keep each other warm at night and huddle on the sunny slopes during the day.

In the month of May they build their simple nest, formed of a slight depression in the ground lined with dried leaves and soft grasses. This nest may be found under a tussock of grass, beneath a small bush, in the beaver's corner, or a stone-heap, at the foot of an old stump, alongside a log, or often in the open field of wheat or clover. The nest is sometimes closed above with stubble mingled with the grass tussock or briars and provided with a side entrance, but the nest is as often found open above as closed.

In this nest the hen-bird lays from one dozen to two dozen eggs of a pure, brilliant white. When the hen is laying and during the time of nesting the cock is the happiest of husbands. Filled with joy and pride, he sits on the bench of a neighboring tree, or perches on the fence-rail quite near his spouse, whom he never wearies of telling that he is "Bob White—your Bob White." In such a gay, only voice, that a cry over him in hearing distance can but give it attention.

In three or four weeks the chicks leave the eggs. Their feet are covered with insects, large quantities of the latter that would otherwise work injury to the farmer being caught. At the age of two weeks the young begin to fly, but the flutter is feeble by the side of the old-birds. When too large to longer



JUST AS NUTTER.

gather under the mother's protecting wings the flock will take flight at night from the day's feeding ground, and dropping at some distance under a bush, will huddle up together in a circle with heads out. In this way no foe can approach without instant detection. If the day is wet and cold they will remain huddled together, or not go to

in this shot," he goes on, "by holding directly at the bird until he is within range, and then, just as I touch the trigger, I raise the muzzle of the gun about six inches. I would only advise trying this shot where there is more than one bird, and you want to use the second barrel. When there is only one incoming bird, wait until he passes over you, and then by shooting under him, more or less, according to the speed and elevation which he is flying, you will be pretty sure to kill.

"In cross shots, at thirty yards and over, hold above the line of flight and from six to nine feet ahead of the bird. This may seem entirely too much, but I have frequently shot Bob White when flying parallel to a rail-fence by aiming the full length of the rail ahead of him."

Her Bargain. The following true story is told in the "Journal of Emily Smith." It illustrates the truth that if one really desires an article, the most sensible way is to purchase it as soon as an opportunity occurs.

A little girl near us was one day playing before the house, when a woman appeared and begged a few pence. She had a baby in her arms, and the child was so delighted with the little thing that she asked the woman if she would sell it to her.

"What will you give for it, miss?" was the counter question.

"Half a crown."

"Very well," said the woman. "Let's see the money."

It was produced, and the sale made. The little girl took the baby, carried it upstairs and laid it on her bed, and after she had fondled it "enough, for once," scampered downstairs, calling to her mother:

"Mamma, mamma! I've got a live doll! I always wanted one, and now I've got it."

The baby was found, and the story frankly told, but though the beggar woman was sought all over the town, no trace of her could be discovered. Meanwhile the baby's little "owner" begged so hard that it should be kept that the parents yielded, and the living doll became a household blessing.

Decrease of the French Population.

The relative decrease of the French population by the declining birth rate troubles France very much, but there seems to be no help for it. The balance of power in Europe has been shifted even more conclusively by the birth rate than on the battle-field. A hundred years ago there were three Frenchmen to every Prussian. To-day there are only four Frenchmen to every three Prussians. For every Frenchman born last year there were five Prussians. For every 1,000 inhabitants there are 39 births in Germany, 35 in England, and only 25 in France. The population of France by the new census is 38,095,000. Of the German Empire, 49,428,928. During the last five years France has increased by 208,000, Germany by 2,877,224. In the preceding five years the increase was 568,000 and 1,621,643, respectively. Even now the increase in France is largely due to foreign residents. Whatever may be the fortune of armies, Germany is beating France in the cradle. Boston Advertiser.

What She Was to Him.

At the county fair a young lady and her beau were promenading about the grounds, says the Mount Carmel (Ill.) Register, the young lady carrying the buggy whip in one hand, decorated in a most noticeable manner by a vivid green bow. They presented a verdant appearance, and it was rather difficult to decide which bow was the greener, the one on the whip or the one walking by the young lady's side carrying the whip.

A shower coming suddenly, found the young people without a convenient shelter. A good old lady called to the girl to "hurry in out of the rain," to which the dear young thing was heard to reply, looking lovingly at the while at the "green bow" at her side, and not the one on the whip.

"This little bit of rain can't hurt me. I ain't no sugar nor salt, but I'm somebody's honey; ain't I, Jim?" Jim didn't say yes his looks showed that he thought it.

The Pie Crop.

In the United States there are eaten every day, 2,250,000 pies. Each week, 15,750,000. Each year, \$19,000,000, at a total cost of \$164,000,000—an amount greater than the national revenue, and more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt. If the pies eaten every day were heaped one on top of another, they would make a tower thirty-seven miles high. It would out-align the world's record from New York to Boston. With the yearly pie product of the United States, a tower 13,468 miles high could be erected, and stretched in a line they would girdle the earth three times. These pies of a year would weigh 803,000 tons. And it, as has been so often stated, figures don't lie, then certainly pie is a great institution. New York Press.

Step-Home.

A New Hampshire lawyer, with evident appreciation of his little step-daughter's wit, tells two stories about her.

Shortly before his marriage with her mother, the 4-year-old said one day, when the approaching wedding was being discussed:

"I'll be glad when Mr. G. comes here to live." Her mother was pleased.

"Why will you be glad?" she asked.

"Cause praps then we'll go away sometimes."

After the wedding the step-father attempted to correct the child for misbehavior at the table. She rebelled, and said with flashing eyes:

"This isn't your house anyways."

"No," he said, gently, "it is our house."

"No, it is not," she replied, "it's just your step-house."

His Experience Was Gruesome.

Applicant—Did you advertise for an engraver?

Jeweler—What experience?

Applicant—I've engraved more people than any other undertaker in the West End. Jeweler's Weekly.

At Long Branch.

Decollete and short skirted bathing suit is in good form.

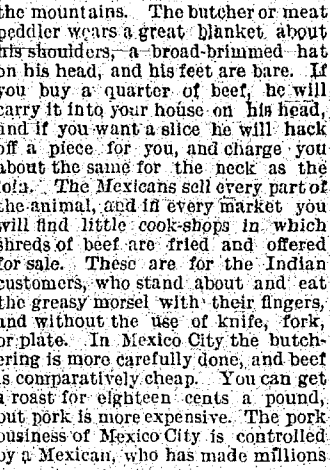
De Pumpkin—Of course not, dear boy. The good form is in it. Brooklyn Eagle.

## A MOVING BUTCHER SHOP.

Meat sold in Mexico City from Donkeys' backs by itinerant Butchers.

Only the better classes of Mexicans eat meat, and one of the great fields of American investment is in the packing interests of Mexico. Hams and beef bring high prices, and the meat business of the city is managed by monopolies. Good hams are worth from \$25 to \$50 a head. There is more mutton eaten than beef. The meat wagons of Mexico City are mules. Take one of the grasiest, dirtiest mules you can find and fasten a framework of hooks to a saddle on his back. Let this framework extend about a foot above the mule, and on the hooks hang the halves and quarters of beefs, so that the blood drips from them on the ground. Then you have the Mexican butcher cart of the mountains. The butcher or meat peddler wears a great blunked hat on his head, and his feet are bare. If you buy a quarter of beef, he will carry it into your house on his head, and if you want a slice he will head of a piece for you, and change you about the same for the neck as the loin. The Mexicans sell every part of the animal, and in every market you will find little cook-shops in which shreds of beef are fried and offered for sale. These are for the Indian customers, who stand about and eat the greasy morsel with their fingers, and without the use of knife, fork, or plate. In Mexico City the butchering is more carefully done, and beef is comparatively cheap. You can get a roast for eighteen cents a pound, but pork is more expensive. The pork of Mexico City is controlled by a Mexican, who has made millions

out of it, and he is now putting up one of the biggest packing-houses in the world. He has his agents all over the city, and he imports his hogs from Kansas.



MEXICAN MEAT WAGON.

might govern Ireland. Specialized Possibilities Before the Young Editor of the Freeman's Journal.

Dwyer, Gray, editor and proprietor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, has barely attained his majority, and has scarcely ever done anything more remarkable than descending to be born. As son of the late Edmund Dwyer Gray, M. P., he inherits a valuable newspaper property, and, upon his mother's side, is in the south of England. The older Gray was a Protestant, but religious scruples did not stand in the way of his marrying an English heiress, who always has been devotedly attached to the Catholic faith.

It has been said that the man who controls the Freeman's Journal might govern Ireland if his ambition lay in that direction, and "Young Mr. Gray" is believed to entertain such ambition. The paper has just passed through a critical period and is not yet restored fully to its old position. It is probable, however, that Mr. Parnell's death will unite the party and thereby revive the fortunes of the Freeman's Journal.

The policy of that paper wheeled around from ardent support to violent opposition to Mr. Parnell. The old staff remained loyal, however, to the young proprietor, and its members have all returned to enlist under his banners again. Mr. Gray is the grandson of Sir John Gray, M. P., a prominent Dublin politician who succeeded in supplying his native city with good water from the Wicklow Springs. For such local improvement he was knighted.

"Hayseed."

There can be little doubt that a distaste for the farmer's life is cultivated among country boys by the caricatures of the farmer which are published in comic papers and "humorous" books, and by the fear of being classed among the people whom these caricatures are pleased to call "hayseeds."

Boys are accustomed to see these "funny pictures," in which a sort of caricature of the farmer is made, and may be said to exist at all, is set forth as the type or example of farmers in general. And as boys are sometimes unreasoning, they are apt to say to themselves, "I will not be ridiculed in that way when I grow up; I will get out of the 'hayseed business.'"

In this way not only is an injustice done by these caricatures, but a positive injury.

The American people have a broad sense of humor, and no doubt delight in caricature; but they do not delight in caricatures of mischief-making, when they are able to recognize it as such.

For this reason, it may be hoped that the caricaturing of the farmer, which has certainly been greatly overdone, may soon cease from the distaste for it which is pretty sure to arise.

The farmer himself can afford to take the "hayseed" ridicule good-naturedly. At a recent farmers' demonstration in the West, men rode in a procession dressed in cowhide boots, patched trousers, and ragged straw hats, carrying pitchforks on their shoulders. They had adopted the guise which the caricature gives them as a way of showing that they are independent of that sort of ridicule.

But in the case of the young the spirit of independence is not often so strong. With a little thought, they must see that an unjust caricature does not really affect the credit and

honor of their occupation; but they are often ambitious of what is called consideration or respectability, and are likely to be unconsciously affected by misrepresenting pictures and stories.

It is the duty of the young to bear in mind that nothing is more respectable or dignified than the life of the independent farmer, and the duty of those who have it in their power to "raise a laugh" in the public prints to remember that they, no less than serious writers, have a responsibility to truth and justice.—Youth's Companion.

Air-Ships.

Anyone who has ever dreamed of flying must have a vivid impression of the pleasure that would be derived from the ability to navigate the air.

From the days of the Montgolfiers and their hot-air balloons to the present time, many false hopes have been held out that man was on the point of making a highway of the atmosphere, as he has done of the sea. But repeated disappointments have bred general incredulity on this subject.

When, however, a man of the scientific reputation of Prof. S. P. Langley demonstrates, as he has recently done by a series of original experiments, that heavy bodies can be sustained in the air, with rapid motion, there is good reason to hope that the problem of mechanical flight may yet be solved.

The principle upon which Professor Langley worked will be readily grasped by any boy who has ever shed a thin, flat stone, or a piece of slate into the air or upon the surface of smooth water, and watched it skimming along.

Professor Langley experimented with thin metallic planes, and discovered that the time of fall of such a plane, even though it may be heavily weighted, can be indefinitely prolonged by imparting to the plane a sufficiently swift lateral motion. In other words, the plane may be made to slide through the air without descending to the earth.

By tipping the plane so that as it moves forward the air will strike against its under surface, the tendency to fall to the ground is counterbalanced. One of the most interesting facts shown by the experiments is to quote Professor Langley's words, that "the force required to sustain inclined planes in horizontal aerial locomotion diminishes, instead of increasing when the velocity is augmented."

It is only necessary that the flying plane shall carry its own motor and steering apparatus, in order to transform it into a veritable ship of the air. We may soon see Professor Langley's idea put into practice, for Mr. Maxim, in England, is reported to be about to launch a flying machine, constructed on this principle, and consisting of a plane one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, which is to be propelled by a screw driven by a petroleum condensing engine weighing eighteen hundred pounds.

Such a machine, speeding through the air with a load of passengers would be almost as wonderful a sight as Prince Ahmed's flying carpet.—Youth's Companion.

A Wicked Parrot.

Every man who has a parrot is always telling what a wonderful bird is his. A lawyer in New York owns one of these "talking devils." A friend went home with him to dinner recently, and when the two men were approaching the house the lawyer said:

"My parrot can recognize my footstep as soon as it falls in the hall. When I open my door he always cries out from a back room, 'Hallo, Will, come in here.' Now," added the lawyer, as he slipped his key into the latch, "just listen."

They listened, and this is what they heard: "Hallo, Will, you old bald-headed fool; come in here." The lawyer, for one minute, looked as if he had fallen on his head. And it was all the work of one of his brothers, who had heard the lawyer boast so often of his parrot that he had taught the bird to insert the "bald-headed" part. Now he can't be broken of the habit. New York Tribune.

Substitute for Steel.

An odd cargo of African vegetable fiber, tough as steel itself, is being landed at Hanover street wharf from the Italian bark Novara Monzo. The vessel brought 2,236 bales of it from Oran, an Algerian seaport in the Mediterranean Sea. The fiber has been found to be so elastic that it can be used as a substitute for springs and the like in the manufacture of furniture, backs and seats. It is so expensive and so easily affected by higher temperatures in its dry state that the bales are held in place by bands of heavy steel. The peculiarity of the grass is that it thrives only around the volcanic mountain slopes of Oran, and flourishes up to within a short distance of the craters themselves. The latter are always in a semi-active state, and the earth around is so warm that not a plant of any kind can thrive or is even seen to grow except this steel-like plant. When dry and flattened out it will serve as a body like an arrow.—Philadelphia Record.

Paper Is Crowding Out Wood.

Paper is fighting wood hard in the manufacture of boxes, baskets, and even packing-cases, and so perfect is the manufacturing process that in many instances nothing but the wonderful difference in weight can afford a clew to the presence of paper in the manufacture. Paper packing-cases are indestructible, apparently, and the saving they effect in freight is enormous. Thousands of dollars are already invested in this comparatively new industry, and a new company, with \$1,250,000 capital, has been organized to introduce paper-bounds to other lines. Experiments have been made with huggy wagons and other things where lightness is needed and paper floorings in lieu of boards will soon be heard of. It is easy to render the material fire-proof in course of construction, and this is an additional advantage that is highly appreciated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The Ancient Rhinoceros.

It is very interesting to look at the pictures of the world in the long past ages that geology presents to our imagination. We see that there was a time when even the polar regions must have bloomed with many of the splendid and varied forms of life that now adorn the tropics.

The fossil remains of these ancient forms preserved in the bosom of the rocks carry us back perhaps millions of years in the earth's history, and show clearly what wonderful revolutions the surface of the globe has undergone since the first plants and the first animals appeared upon it.

Who would think of meeting a rhinoceros nowadays on the prairies of northwestern Canada, unless, perchance, a traveling menagerie should pass that way?

Yet at one time, as recent discoveries prove, a creature closely resembling the rhinoceros of India and Africa dwelt in that now comparatively cold, snowy and barren region.

Remains of these extinct ancestors of an animal that in our day thrives only in the tangled tropical forests and under the hot equatorial sun have been found buried in the Canadian rocks, where now the cold blasts of winter blow over treeless plains and sweep the flanks of ice-crowned mountains.

The rhinoceros of that remote age was no less formidable a beast than his descendants, for the skull of one of the skeletons discovered is three feet long, while some of its teeth are four inches across.

The fossil remains of many other forms of animals have lately been found there, including extinct species of the horse, the deer and the turtle.

In some far-away time perpetual summer must have reigned in regions where ice and snow now prevail for a large part of the year, or else animals that to-day live only the sun must have been injured to a more rigorous climate.

Geology has evidently only just begun to unfold the wonderful story of the world's history.

The Last Letter Written by Dickens.

Charles Dickens' last letter, one of the most interesting that he ever wrote, came into the market a few days ago at Bristol, England, and was specially snapped up for a couple of guineas. It was written to a Mr. Makeham, and runs as follows:

"It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much abused social figure of speech, impressed into all sorts of service on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake.

"I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it, and because I revere that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak.

"But I have never made proclamation of this from the houseposts."

Mr. Makeham explained in the London Daily News the circumstances under which he wrote to Dickens after the novelist's death. The figure of speech of which this gentleman complained was drawn, he says, "from a passage of the Bible which is greatly reprinted by a large number of his countrymen as a prophetic description of the sufferings of our Saviour," and is to be found in the tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood."

What Chaff Is For.

The chaff which surrounds all kinds of grain has very important economic uses. In its wild state this chaff saves the seed from exposure to weather, sometimes in severe seasons only one or two grains escaping damage by winter's exposure. When first cultivated most kinds of grain had doubtless much more abundant chaff than now. The original wild Indian corn, in which each grain has a husk of its own, is an illustration of this. But chaff even now serves a very important purpose. It allows the grain to dry out in stacks, and mows without heating, so as to injure the seed. Grain threshed before this drying out is accomplished heats much more injuriously in the granary.

Sometimes in threshing oats that have been drawn in wet we have seen the straw blackened by heating around the bands, while the heads kept separate by the chaff showed each grain bright and uninjured. Wheat that has a strong bearded chaff is usually a strong grower, as its germinating power is less apt to be destroyed by heating in the mow. This fact secures the continued popularity of these sorts, despite the unpleasantness of working among bearded grain. Reaping machines that bind grain with twice as soon as cut make the chaff even more necessary. It is not any more difficult to work among, and it does help to keep grain from being injured through imperfect drying before mowing away.

An Insurmountable Objection.

Although the people in the northern part of Georgia have the finest soil on earth for raising vegetables, they stick year after year to cotton and corn, and import vegetables at heavy cost, says the New York Herald. The country is developing rapidly, and the manufacturing towns springing up give an increasing market for all kinds of stuff called garden trucks, but the farmers grow placidly along in the footsteps of their fathers, and raise cotton or corn whether they make money or not.

"Why don't you plant potatoes?" said a recent arrival from the North to a farmer who was complaining about the small profits of cotton-growing.

"Oh, I can't raise no potatoes," said the man, despondently.

"Why not?" persisted the Northerner.

"You have lots of land just right for potatoes, and you can get \$1 a bushel for them right here in town. Why, man alive, you can get \$5 a barrel for all you raise."

"I use talkin'," says the farmer; "can't do no ways."

"Well, but why not?"

"Why, yo' see, boss, where'd I get the barrels?"

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Left Town.

Messenger Boy (in Chicago)—Is this Mr. Calumet's house? Well, the tailor sent me around with this coat to have him try it on.

Servant—Mr. Calumet is not in the city.

"When will he be back?"

"I don't know. He's gone up on the roof." Clothier and Furnisher.

It Had a Two-fold Result.

Invalid—The corner druggist said if I got my medicine from him there would be a double result.

Friend—I guess he spoke the truth, for after buying it you would make an exit from his store, and after taking it you would make an exit from the earth. Pharmaceutical Era.

Emphatically Practical.

Ethel (impatiently)—You are like an iceberg! Why can't you be lovelier, and indulge in billing and cooing.

Edward (a young theatrical manager)—It is not in my line. I have a man engaged to do the billing in every town, and my advanced agents do the cooing. Pittsburgh Bulletin.

A Drawback.

"Did the editor of the United Magazine accept your poem?"

"Yes. I signed Whittier's name to it, and it went like hot cake. There was one disappointment in it, though. I believe Whittier got paid for it. I know I didn't." New York Sun.

A Natural Inference.

Willie—Do you like milk, Mr. Staylate?

Staylate—Not particularly, my little man; why do you ask?

Willie—Sister says you never leave until the cows come home.—Exchange.

Dreadful Possibilities.

Fair visitor—Dearest friend, what is the matter?

Mrs. Knewlired (sobbing)—This morn—morn—morn—I made some lun—lovely cake.

"Well?"

"And dear John ate a great lot, and gave a little piece to the kitten before he went to his train."

"Well?"

"And the kick—kick—kitten has just died, and the telephone has been ringing like mad!" Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Two of a Kind.

He—Do you wish, madam, to drive me frantic, to render life absolutely beside myself?

She—Why not? The sight of you beside yourself would be a rather curious study; so suggestive of—

He—Well, of what, madam?

She—Of a pair of donkeys. Pittsburgh Bulletin.

A Boston Comparison.

"Ain't they like each other?" said the fond mother, as she admiringly contemplated her twins.

"Yes," said the Boston lady, "they are as like each other as two beans. Cape Cod Item.

Herod Thwarted.

First janitor—Poor McGinnis! He swore, you know, when he took charge of his flats there'd never be any children in them.

Second ditto—Good for him, too. You don't mean to say, though, that he'd departed from this rule and let any in?

First janitor—No, but there were twins born on the fourth floor yesterday.

An Evidence of Taste.

A St. Antoine street mother came sitting "into" her home one morning where her youthful son was enjoying himself in his own way.

"Johnnie," she called, "are you smoking a cigarette?"

"No'm," he answered from behind the curtains as he threw something out of the window.

"Yes, you are, too; I smell it."

"No'm, I ain't," he insisted. "It was only a cigar stump I found in the gutter."







